Poems,

BY ANN SUTCLIFF.

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POEMS.

BY ANN SUTCLIFF.

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N. B.—AS this impreſſion was intended for the amuſement of a few intimate FRIENDS, and was taken literally from the Author's *uncorrected* Manuſcript, which ſhe left a Legacy for her CHILDREN ONLY;—we hope this circumſtance will apologize for any inaccuracies therein, which may have eſcaped her notice.

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Life

OF THE AUTHOR.

ANN SUTCLIFF, the wife of RICHARD SUTCLIFF, and the daughter of the late JOHN HIRST, of Farfield, near Sheffield, the author of the following Pieces, was born on the thirteenth day of fourth month, 1767, and died the second day of third month, 1800, about half past three o'clock in the morning. She had borne nine children in about ten years and a half, viz.—1st, Abraham; 2d, John Hirst; 3d, William; 4th, Edward; 5th, Emma; 6th, Joshua; 7th, Henry; 8th, Richard; 9th, Robert; eight of whom were living and in good health at the time of her decease. During the greatest part of her last pregnancy, she was afflicted by a complaint in her stomach

and bowels, which reduced her very much: she got well over the birth of her last child on the second of tenth month, 1799, and seemed to recover as well as usual for about two weeks, when she was seized with a violent cholic, which for the last ten years had very often been the source of inexpressible pain, and that frequently for eight or ten hours at a time, which she bore with great fortitude, and was scarcely if ever heard under all her afflictions to repine; indeed, her husband and her children seemed more her concern than her own sorrows to the end. This cholic was soon followed by another severe attack, which as well as the first was succeeded by a temporary jaundice; and now for the first time, though search had often been made, a gall stone, the real cause of the violent frequent attacks she had, was found. This was succeeded by a bad cough, which in her reduced state proved fatal, and in a few weeks put an end to her existence, to the great grief of her afflicted husband, and affectionate aged mother, more easily imagined than described.

To be inserted at the end of the book

A lock of hair was found after her decease, in her needle case, ~~with the gall stone inclosed~~ enclosed in a piece of writing paper, with the following inscription upon it, written with a black lead pencil, which, from the date, appears to have been written a few days before the birth of her eighth child:—

Perhaps this portion of Lavinia's hair
May long ſurvive, when all her cares are o'er;
Perhaps remind ſome *relative* ſo dear,
That now Lavinia will be ſeen no more!

Then if her *worth* or *memory* ſtill be dear,—
If friendſhip ſtill can heave the friendly ſigh,—
Perhaps may draw the ſympathetic tear,
And tell them, "*tis an awful thing to DIE!*

THE FOLLOWING PREFACE,

Was written by the author, a ſhort time before her death.

THOUGH the following little productions of the author's pen were just the effusions of her leisure hours, and bear very little poetical merit; yet, on reviewing some of them, she hopes they have no immoral tendency; and may be a remembrancer to the minds of her children,—that their Mother's time was not spent, even in early age, without SERIOUS MEDITATION.

NOTES.

THE Piece marked R. B was written to Rachael Barnard, now Rachael Fowler, daughter of the late John Barnard, of Upperthorpe, near Sheffield, when her friend was with ſome relatives in the north of England, about 70 miles from the Author's reſidence.

The Piece marked S. S. was written to her intimate friend, Sarah Sutcliff, now Sarah Lupton, of Shipſcar, near Leeds, and daughter of the late Dr. Abraham Sutcliff.

The two Pieces marked R. S. were addreſſed to her Huſband, the one before, the other ſome time after marriage.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND,

At whoſe funeral the author was a bearer.

1784.

IN youth's gay hours, by heaven's ſupreme command,
See MIRA ſummon'd to the peaceful dead,
E'er twice ten ſprings had bleſt with bounteous hand,
Or Phœbus ſhone twice ten times o'er her head.

Pale ſickneſs chill'd life's early ſpring with pain,
And ſhed its damps o'er Mira's youthful breaſt;
Each riſing day conſum'd her tender frame,
And bade her ſink to everlaſting reſt.

Now her grave opens to my drooping eyes;
The rattling duſt ſalutes my aching ear;
The ſolemn ſound, with ardour ſeems to riſe,
And claims the pious tribute of a tear.

It whiſpers to my ſoul in ſtrains divine,—
" Haſte to prepare thee for thy final doom;
" Thou know'ſt not but the lot may ſoon be thine,
" Like her to reſt within the ſilent tomb.

" Though health ſuſtain thee, yet that victor death
" Can blaſt the youthful bloom, and fix his dart:
" In youth's gay hours can ſtop the panting breath,
" And ſeize relentleſs on a youthful heart!

" Go then and for thy final change prepare,
" Nor let vain pleaſures thy young boſom crown,—
" Let every nobler thought employ thy care,
" And learn from Mira's deſtiny thy own."

Aſſiſt, oh, heaven! 'tis thou alone can aid
My early days in virtue's paths to tread:—
Oh! guide the boſom of a youthful maid,
To ſeek that reſt which waits the happy dead.

A. H.

ON READING

HAYLEY's TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

1786.

COME, thou ſweet guardian of SERENA's breaſt,
Still every anxious thought, and bid them reſt;
Bid gentler paſſions harmonize each thought,
By prudence govern'd, and by wiſdom taught;
Teach me, like her, each paſſion to controul,
And bid ſoft peace inſpire MIRANDA's ſoul;

This be her wiſh, if like Serena bleſt,
Like her, to chaſe vile paſſions from her breaſt,—
Paſſions, too fatal to the female mind,
Where gentle peace, with harmony combin'd
Should reign triumphant; ſtilling every ſtorm
That ſtains, with horror, many a beauteous form.
And ſhall thy efforts HAYLEY, be in vain,
To form the female with thy ſoothing ſtrain?
Teach them to ſoar above each earthly power,
And ſoothe with gentle ſtrains, each anxious hour:
Will no kind hand, the gentle precepts bind,
And fix them deep, within the youthful mind?
Yes, Hayley, yes, remembrance ſtill ſhall rove
O'er thy lov'd pages, to that fairy grove
Where thy SOPHROSYNE ſtill guards the fair,
Through the long mazes of celeſtial air;
Still ſhall it paint SERENA's tranquil mind,
And hope, with her, the ſweets of peace to find;
For ſure good humour cheers life's tedious way,
Calms the ſoft breaſt, and ſheds a purer ray,
Makes every varied hour with pleaſure roll,
And cheers, with ſoothing ſtrains, the penſive ſoul:
Though ſenſibility its charms impart,
Without thy aid, what is a female heart?
Though beauty reigns triumphant in her face,
'Tis thy ſoft aid, alone, which gives the ſweeteſt grace.

A. H.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

1787.

AT this lone hour, when ſolemn ſilence reigns,
When no rude ſound aſſaults the penſive ear;
When the dim twilight veils the diſtant plains,
And hides the beauties of the blooming year.

Then let me ſtray through this ſequeſter'd vale,
Where ſilence aids the contemplative ſcene,
Save yonder bell reſounding in the gale,
Save the ſoft murmurs of yon peaceful ſtream.

See Luna beaming through the fleecy cloud;
See ſparkling ſtars illume the vaulted ſky;
Pleaſure ſuperior to the noiſy croud,
When contemplation wafts the ſoul on high.

To thee, Retirement, ſweeteſt charms belong;
'Tis thou can'ſt ſoothe each anxious thought to reſt;
Far from the pleaſures of the giddy throng,
Where folly draws the young, unguarded breaſt:

And why ſhould we thoſe tranſient pleaſures prize,
Thoſe fleeting joys are ever on the wing;
But wait the day that wafts us to the ſkies,
That day which blooms with everlaſting ſpring.

May then the preſent time my thoughts employ;
Enough hath folly led my feet aſtray;
May virtue's footſteps be my chiefeſt joy,
May ſacred wiſdom all her ſtores diſplay,
To guide me ſafe to that celeſtial ſhore,
Where ſorrows ceaſe, and troubles are no more.

A. H.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

COME, gentle Peace! thou pure celeſtial gueſt,
In early days attendant on my breaſt;
Ah! why forſake LAVINIA's lonely cell?
Why quit that boſom where thou lov'd to dwell?

Come, come again,—reſume thy wonted power,
And crown with pleaſure, each ſequeſter'd hour;
Reſtore the tranquil ſcenes of former days,
And ſmile propitious on Lavinia's lays.

Has ſome rude paſſion baniſh'd that repoſe,
And chaced that peace whence every bleſſing flows?
Why weeps that eye, unknown to weep before,
And beams the emblem of ſoft peace no more?

Can rural charms no more delight that eye,
Or friendſhip's balm prevent the riſing ſigh?
Can't yon pure ſtream, ſoft murm'ring to the ear,
Diffuſe a charm to ſtop the guſhing tear?

Yes, rural ſcenes, awhile amuſive draw
The penſive mind, ſad brooding o'er its woe;
But ſhort-lived pleaſures quickly muſt decay,
And few the hopes which gild life's dreary way.

But, why Lavinia, why this penſive ſtrain?
Sweet peace may yet return, and ſmile again;
Deluſive hope! but ah! what hope remains
To cheer that breaſt where diſcontentment reigns?

But thou, fair phantom, lovely hope! attend;
Brighten each proſpect, prove Lavinia's friend;
Paint peace returning with encreaſing days,—
Encreaſing wiſdom, ſhed around her rays.

Bid real pleaſures ſhed their wonted eaſe,
Ideal charms have loſt their power to pleaſe;
Gild the late hour of life's declining day,
And o'er Lavinia, ſhed one peaceful ray;
Bid reſignation, pointing to the tomb,
With calm ſubmiſſion, ſay,—"THY WILL BE DONE."

A. H.

SPRING.

1783.

SEE, lovely Spring returns to bleſs the year;
To cheer the drooping vegetable train;
See Sol, refulgent, darts his beaming rays,
And gentle zephyrs fan the evening gale.

Soft flow the limpid current's winding ſtreams,
Pure as the dew drops, glitt'ring on the flowers;
The birds, with tuneful notes, rehearſe their themes,
And muſic echoes from the blooming bow'rs.

See, in yon verdant paſtures, lambkins feed,
Around their dams, their various gambols play;
And grateful to the ſun's returning beams,
All pleas'd and happy with his gentle ſway.

There, (in yon cottage, 'midſt ſurrounding woods,
The ſmiling peaſant, in his humble cell,)
Contentment ſpreads her downy wings around,
And peace, with innocence, for ever dwell.

A. H.

SOLITUDE.

1783.

HAIL, Solitude! ſweet ſoother of the mind,
To whoſe retreats, ſecure, ſweet peace retires,
Far from a jarring world's injurious tongue,
And all the ceaſeleſs tumults of the ſoul;
In ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade, where ſilence reigns,
Where peace and plenty ſhed their power to bleſs,
Beyond the trifling honours wealth can give;
There let me live, unenvied by the great,
And in retirement paſs my fleeting days;
Then ſolitude would every grief conceal;
Sweet balmy peace, my wandering thoughts ſuppreſs,
And fix them on a far ſuperior power,
Above the reach of every earthly woe;
Then, calm, and peaceful, would the time roll on,
To life's remoteſt hour.

ON BEING ASKED

WHICH WAS THE HAPPIEST STATE.

1784.

IN all the various paths, by mortals trod,
Whether in bands connubial join'd, or free
From Hymen's fetters, diſcontent prevails,
To damp thoſe pleaſures which this world affords:
But when two minds are join'd by pure eſteem,
Alike in manners, ſentiments and love,—
How peaceful then life's anxious toils are borne,
Whilſt mutual fondneſs leſſens every toil,
And calm contentment ſheds her power to bleſs,
Through life's uncertain and deceitful path,
Till death ſhall waft them to the realms above,
To taſte the pleaſures of immortal joy.

A. H.

ON THE

DEATH OF GULIELMA FAIRBANK,

Daughter of William Fairbank, of Sheffield.

Written when the author was about seventeen years of age.

ADIEU, my friend! from earthly ſorrow freed;
Thou, dear companion of my infant year!
Long did thy boſom, with affliction heave;
And long, with calm ſubmiſſion learnt to bear.

Long did thy parents, with regret, behold—
Thy painful conflicts caus'd them many a tear;
Nor could they wiſh thy pain to be prolong'd,
Or dare they wiſh thee to continue here.

When fond remembrance brings thee to my mind,
In early days with health ſupremely bleſt,
What blooming grace did in thy features ſhine?
What riſing beauties did adorn thy breaſt?

May I, like thee, in virtue's paths, purſue
That Heavenly Guide, which can direct us right,
To that bleſt port of everlaſting joy—
(Eternal day) which ne'er will end in night.

A. H.

ON READING
the
BRISTOL MILK WOMAN's POEMS.

HAIL, rural fair! bleſt by the tuneful nine;
On thee, their choiceſt bleſſings they confer:
In cottages the rural wreathe they twine,
And native grace and elegance prefer.

Shall ſtudied eloquence with eaſe compare?
No: artleſs eaſe ſhall bear triumphant ſway:
E'en man ſuperior, ſhall commend the fair;
LACTILLA's ſong ſhall pure delights convey.

Go on, thou genius of exalted worth!
The muſes wait thy labours to approve,
Around thy head to twine the poet's wreathe,
And crown thy ſoul with harmony and love.

A. H.

FRIENDSHIP.

1783.

FRIENDSHIP! thou ſacred, ſoul uniting power,
And faithful partner of another's woe;
Thy heavenly influence cheers the penſive hour,
Calms the ſoft breaſt, and bids pure pleaſure flow.

'Tis thou canſt ſoothe affliction's keeneſt dart,
Canſt mitigate, or earthly woes remove;
Give us a foretaſte of that ſacred flame,
Which ſouls ſeraphic feel in realms above.

A. H.

ANNA TO DELIA. (R. B.)

1784.

SAY, DELIA ſay, has friendſhip power to pleaſe?
Its native charms can it ſincerely boaſt?
Or has ſome happier maid thy boſom ſeized?
Thy former friendſhip and thy ſoul engroſs'd?

How oft with thee, the pleaſing ſcene I've view'd,
When rambling on yon river's flowery ſide;—
And, are thoſe days forgot, thoſe joys remov'd?
And is thy friendſhip to thy friend deny'd?

Ah, no! methinks I hear my Delia ſay—
Thoſe happy days with fond remembrance riſe;
And ſtill is Anna to her Delia dear,
And link'd in friendſhip's ever ſacred ties.

Though far remov'd from every former ſcene
Where riſing pleaſures crown'd each riſing day;
My fancy ſtill ſhall paint the pleaſing theme;
Remembrance ſtill ſhall to my thoughts convey,
My much-lov'd Anna, and that happy day.

A. H.

SUMMER's EVENING.

1782.

SOFTLY blow the gentle zephyrs,
Smoothly glides the cryſtal ſtream,
Murm'ring ſoft, amongſt the pebbles,
All around calm and ſerene.

Waving woods, and verdant paſtures,
All conſpire to pleaſe the ſight,—
Whilſt evening draws her ſable curtains,
Covering all their beauty bright.

Luna riſing in full ſplendor,
Sheds around her pleaſing rays;
Crowds of ſpark'ling ſtars attend her,
All's illumin'd with their blaze.

Solemn ſilence reigns majeſtic,
O'er the wide extended plain;
Save the bells of yonder hamlet,
Call to reſt the wearied ſwain.

A. H.

CONTENTMENT.

IN every ſtation, let me not repine,
But let contentment guide my ſteady way
Through all the various, dreary, tracts of time,
And bleſs the hand that gives and takes away.

Contentment cheers life's melancholy hour,
Makes time's tumultuous wave roll ſwiftly on,
Raiſes the ſoul above affliction's power,
And points to bliſs when earthly pleaſure's gone.

A MORNING WALK.

1784.

HOW ſweet the breath of opening day,
When every charm combine
To chaſe the thickeſt miſts away,
See, Sol begins to ſhine:

All glorious from the mountain's brow,
He darts his beaming rays;
And, ſhining through the vale below,
With one unclouded blaze.

See, from the vegetable train,
The glittering dew diſtills;
Hark! the ſweet muſic of the plain
Echoes from yonder hills.

And now the blooming maiden treads
Along the dewy mead;
Where all around ſoft pleaſure ſpreads,
And grazing cattle feed.

The lowing herd await her call,
Well pleas'd to hear her voice,
Then, with a ſong, ſhe cheers them all,
The hamlet maiden's choice.

Sweet ſcenes like theſe, can pleaſe that mind
Where ſimpl nature proves,
That every object which we find,
Speaks innocence and love.

The vocal muſic of the grove,
Shall glad the liſt'ning ear,
And peace, ſoft ſmiling from above,
Finds a calm refuge there.

A. H.

FRIENDSHIP.—TO DELIA. (S. S.)

1786.

No muſes aid, no fancy'd themes inſpire,
To crown the boſom with poetic fire;
Let flights of fancy aid the lofty bard,—
His be the laurel,—his the rich reward;
I aſk not fame's applauſe to form the line,
I ſeek no favours from the tuneful nine,
On nobler minds their favours they beſtow,
And bind with fancy's wreathe the poet's brow;
But humbler themes ſhall MIRA's pen beguile,
On her, let friendſhip, ſacred friendſhip, ſmile.

Thou that canſt cheer with animating ſtrains,
That ſoft'ned breaſt, where ſacred friendſhip reigns,
Spread a ſoft veil o'er every human woe,
And wipe thoſe tears which ſorrow bade to flow.

When in the cool ſequeſter'd vale I ſtray,
And cheer'd by friendſhip's all enlivening ray,
View nature's charms, with contemplative eye,
Thoſe lovely flowers reſign their leaves and die;
For winter's rage will chill the blooming year,
And juſtly claim a ſympathetic tear;
The lovely ſongſters mute with dumb deſpair,
Droop their ſoft plumes amidſt the freezing air,—
From pity's hand, implore the ſcanty grain,
And, ah! ſhall innocence implore in vain?

But ſay, ſhall winter ſtop the calm deſire?
Or cool the warmth of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
In vain ſhall wintry clouds exert their power,
Thine, thine alone, can cheer the gloomy hour,
Can give the ſocial joy when nature frowns,
And ſmile benignant amidſt wintry ſtorms;
With more than pleaſure gild the vernal day,
When Sol, returning, ſheds a brighter ray;
Or golden Autumn ſpreads her richeſt ſtores,
And crowns with plenty, Britain's happy ſhores:
When burning ſuns their ſcorching influence pour,
Can crown with pleaſure, ſummer's ſultry hour;

But when the evening breezes gently blow,—
When all around with blooming beauty glow,—
Then, DELIA, then, each various charm invite,
Then the ſweet vale can yield a freſh delight;
The cool ſequeſter'd ſhade, the leafy grove,
The calm receſs, and nature's fair alcove,
While the ſoft murmurs of yon winding ſtream
Soothe the pure mind, and beautify the ſcene,
This, this, my friend, is joy, the happy hour
Spent in ſequeſter'd ſhades, diffuſive pour
A joy ſuperior to ambition's reign,
This, this is peace, beyond the reach of pain;
When ſpotleſs innocence with beams ſerene,
Smiles on our days, through life's all varying ſcene.
'Tis this alone with pleaſure can ſupply,
This calms our days, and teaches how to die;
This that can waft us to that happy ſhore,
This that can ſoothe when pleaſure is no more!
For innocence with every duty join'd,
Beſtows the richeſt treaſures on the mind,
And points to bliſs, that ureſt bliſs above,
In realms of joy and never ending love.

A. H.

Written a little time before Marriage.

ADDRESSED TO R. S.

ADIEU to Poetry! whoſe pleaſing charms
With pleaſure crown'd each calm, each tranquil hour,
In early days, LAVINIA's boſom warm'd,
With the ſoft ſoothings of thy gentle power.

Adieu to all which fancy's eye pourtray'd,
Of Dryads Naiads, or the muſe's train;
Domeſtic cares Lavinia's mind ſhall aid,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of the young and vain.

Through the calm ſhades of life's ſequeſter'd way,
More ſolid joys ſhall crown with ſweeter eaſe,
And ſweet, connubial love thoſe cares repay,
Which gives to each that deareſt wiſh to pleaſe.

With thee, my friend, through life's all varying ſcene,
With thee, the partner of each joy and care,
With thee, Lavinia, ſhares each pleaſing theme,
For thee alone ſhall pour her conſtant prayer.

Yet, think not, hope's ſoft viſion paints the day
A day of ſunny radiance, free from ſtorm,
Oft when the ſky is cloath'd in fair array,
See clouds o'ercaſt the pleaſing face of morn.

No joys unmix'd with care, or free from pain,
No laſting pleaſure ſheds a conſtant gleam;
A ſtate of trials on this boiſterous plain,
Though hope oft gilds them with a ſunny beam.

For thee, my friend, may every day conſpire,
With the pure wiſhes of Lavinia's breaſt;
On thee attend the calm, th happy hour,
Which ſoothes each care, each anxious thought to reſt.

May bliſs connubial, crown with ſweet delight,
And o'er thy head its every bleſſing pour;—
May *that ſoft* ſoothing both our ſouls unite,
May *that* encreaſe to life's remoteſt hour.

With thee, my DAMON, may each added day
Conſpire, to lull each weary care to reſt;
And may Lavinia, with that love repay
The ſoft endearments of a tender breaſt.

I aſk not fortune's ſmile, or fear her frown,
I ſeek no bliſs, but that which love beſtows;
With thee, my friend, the glaring pomp diſown,
Her gilded proſpects yield a ſhort repoſe.

But through the lengthened ſcenes of various days,
By ſweet contentment every wiſh reſign'd;
Each hope but that which gilds life's dreary way,
Each wiſh for aught but a contented mind.

A. H.

WRITTEN

A FEW EVENINGS BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HER

SEVENTH CHILD.

WHY droops my breaſt with proſpects of affliction,
Since that Almighty arm which hath ſupported,
Is able ſtill; be then theſe ſorrows huſh'd;
Remember pain is e'er the lot of man,
And fortify thy ſoul againſt affliction:
Theſe few, frail moments, which we ſpend on earth,
Are wiſely meant to looſen our affections,
To make us ſeek for reſt beyond the grave;
Be then the time allotted long or ſhort,
A time of recollection,—time of peace,
To an afflicted mind, by tempeſts toſt,
And borne about, as on the ſtormy billows.

E. A. S.

WRITTEN

A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER

SEVENTH CHILD,

and

Addressed to R. S.

When ſome anxious cares had prevented his uſual attention.

AH! why my dear, ſhould love and friendſhip ceaſe!
And that affection which thy DELIA prov'd?
Her wiſh, her hope, her only joy, her peace,—
Is fond affection from her friend belov'd.

Ah, then, my DAMON! let a brighter beam
Shed its fair luſtre o'er thy Delia's breaſt;
Soft flow our moments, be our joys ſerene,
Our ſouls united, and our lives be bleſt.

Though cares perplex,—though ſtorms aſſault the mind,
Though billows rage, let billows rage in vain;
Patient let's bear, and be our ſouls reſign'd,
That we at laſt a peaceful reſt may gain.

And whilſt the time's allotted us to prove
Our ſouls victorious over every foe,
Ah, let thy Delia's unremitting love
With mutual ~~friendſhip~~ fondneſs bid thy boſom glow.

Look o'er our babes! our only treaſures here!
Say, cannot they with ſoft perſuaſion prove
That there are joys, though not unmix'd with care,
But cares are pleaſant, when the taſk we love.

Then, let thy Delia ſhare each anxious hour,
And be the partner of her Damon's woe;
O'er his lov'd head, the balm of comfort pour,
When ſtorms aſſail, and winds deſtructive blow.

A. S.

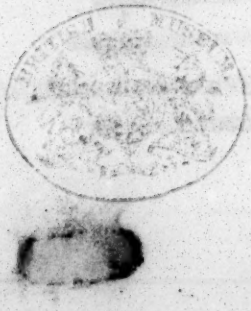
[redacted]

[redacted] ſigned ANN [redacted] Month, 1798; which was [redacted] before the Birth of her

[redacted]

[redacted]

[illegible]

FINIS.

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